

# Our Fourfooted Friends

## and How We Treat Them

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Published Monthly

Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, New Hampshire

Editorial Office, 51 Carver Street, Boston, Massachusetts

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

Yearly Subscription: 75 Cents

To Foreign Countries \$1.00

*Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire, under the Act of March 3, 1879  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 27, 1922*

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## HUMANE WEEK

Why have a special week for teaching kindness to animals? It is our duty to be kind to animals and birds. Kindness is a duty, just as obedience to parents and teachers is a duty. Learning to read and write and get knowledge is a duty. Trying always every day to grow better and stronger in our bodies and minds is a duty. One week of being kind would not be of much use, but if we think about it one week—really think earnestly about being kind, what a good thing it is to be kind, how much happier we are ourselves if we are kind, because unkindness always makes people unhappy—we shall be likely to think of it all the year.

Why should we be kind to animals and birds? We should be kind to them because we ought not to do anything that makes any creature suffer.

Suppose you were going quickly along the street on your way home, and someone bigger and stronger than you threw a stone at you and hurt you—you would try to run away, hoping that you could get home or hide somewhere—and then another stone came and broke your arm or your leg, and you couldn't get away from the cruel boy who was throwing the stones, how would you like it? Yet boys throw stones and fire their air guns at dogs and cats and birds; sometimes they break their legs, sometimes they kill them, but even if it only frightens them it makes them suffer terribly. You wouldn't like to suffer that way, so why should you put that suffering on animals and birds? It is the act of a coward and a bully to be cruel. It is a brave and a kind act not only to determine you will never hurt any animal or bird yourself, but you will try to prevent other boys or girls or men or women from hurting them.

What do the animals and birds do for us?

If I should begin to try to tell all that they do for us I would have to talk for hours. The horse helps man plough and reap. He brings us our groceries, our express packages, our mail. He carries heavy burdens. He slips and falls

on icy pavements; he goes into the war with his master, and is shot at, wounded and killed.

And how is he often rewarded?

I have seen boys on grocery wagons with whips lashing a poor horse weak and tired, and oftentimes old and lame, so that every step he takes is misery. The horse is often hungry, thirsty, and perhaps he has stood in a narrow, dirty stall all night, with not even a chance to lie down and rest his weary legs, and yet his thoughtless driver, a boy, or boys, or a cruel man, who ought to know better, has no kindness, no mercy, and beats him, giving him no chance to rest. What an ungrateful reward for this horse that has worked all his life for us!

Be kind to the horse, boys, and men; give him a chance to walk sometimes and get his breath. Give him water several times a day. See that he has a good breakfast before you take him out, and give him plenty of time for his dinner. Pat him on the neck; give him a treat of an apple or a carrot, and make him know that he has one friend in the world who pities his hard life, and who means to make it easier and happier.  
—A. H. S.

Yes, any act of mercy, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures, is an act that brings us near to God. . . . He who puts forth his hand to save from ill-treatment, or add to the happiness of any of those dumb creatures, has opened his heart to that Divine compassion which our Heavenly Father has shown to the whole range of created things—which our Blessed Saviour has shown to the human race, his own peculiar charge, by living and dying for us. "Be ye merciful" to dumb animals, for ye have a common nature with them. Be ye merciful, for the worst part of the nature of brutes is to be unmerciful. Be ye merciful, for ye are raised far above them, to be their appointed lords and guardians. Be ye merciful, for ye are made in the image of Him who is All-Merciful and All-Compassionate.—Dean Stanley.

If children at school can be made to understand how it is just and noble to be humane even to what we term inferior animals, it will do much

to give them a higher character and tone through life. There is nothing meaner than barbarous and cruel treatment of the dumb creatures, who cannot answer us or resent the misery which is so often needlessly inflicted upon them.—*John Bright.*

“The effect of the barbarous treatment of inferior creatures on the minds of those who practise it is still more deplorable than its effects upon the animals themselves. The man who kicks dumb brutes kicks brutality into his own heart. He who can see the wistful imploring eyes of half-starved creatures without making earnest efforts to relieve them, is on the road to lose his manhood, if he has not already lost it.”



#### The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and made thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead?  
Gave thee clothing of delight,—  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild;  
He became a little child:  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

—*William Blake.*

No matter how busy your life is, opportunity can always be found to speak a word for those who cannot speak for themselves. It is not the time that is needed, it is the inclination.

#### A Memory

From my picturesque home in the Woodland  
Where Missy dear laid me away,  
I am sending my love and best wishes  
On this, our glad Easter day.

We who have loved one another  
And to instinct and reason been true,  
Can still live on in the Memory  
As the Master intended us to.

It may be, somewhere, in the future  
There's a place for both great and small,  
Where we may again know our loved ones  
With the One who created us all.

When the time comes to reward my dear Missy  
I know that the true words will be,  
“As ye have done to the least of My creatures  
Ye have it done unto Me.”

—“*Kiddoo.*”

Sent in by Helena B. Cole.

#### Little Birdie

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“Let me fly,” says little birdie,  
“Mother, let me fly away.”—  
“Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”

So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise, and fly away."—  
"Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby too shall fly away."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

### A Love That Constrained

(ALEXANDER HERIOT MACKONOCHE)

Of all the wonderful stories of the mysterious sympathy existing between holy men and friendly beasts, perhaps none is more remarkable than that of the death of an overworked London Vicar, who, in the year 1887, lost his way and died among the snow-crowned hills of Scotland, with no other witness than the two faithful dogs. This was the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, who one day, while on a visit to the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, set out for a lonely walk, accompanied by a deerhound and a terrier.

These dogs, named respectively Righ and Spiereag, were the property of his host, but, recognizing Mr. Mackonochie's love of animals, they at once attached themselves to him.

It was a beautiful day, Thursday, December 15, when the three departed for that last walk, taking with them their midday meal, and they were last seen by a gamekeeper, sitting happily together on a distant hill. With the coming of the evening the snow began to fall, but there was no sign of the absentees, and the household grew uneasy. The Bishop sent out men with lanterns, and a little later started himself in a carriage, and remained out all night in fruitless search for his missing friend.

All Friday the quest continued, only to return home to find no news. A fresh party was therefore organized, the Bishop still at their head; but wading through the deep snow, clambering over rocks and boulders amid a howling tempest of sleet and hailstones, rendered locomotion extremely difficult.

On the morning of Saturday they started again, and toward evening some of the party said they heard barking, and as they approached nearer the two faithful dogs were distinctly seen. When the searchers saw the position of the animals, apparently guarding something, they knew instinctively what they should find. Between those two devoted creatures, who had watched for two days and nights through a succession of storms and tempests, lay all that was mortal of the servant of God.

The falling snow his shroud,

"Good dogs his watchers, and the mountain  
winds

The priests, to bid his holy soul to God."

What mysterious influence it was, if not God's constraining power, that impelled those faithful creatures to watch by a stranger's side, faint with hunger and paralyzed with cold, when the way to their warm home and kind master was known to them? God knows! In olden times it would have been called a miracle; certain it is that both nearly died of the cold vigil, and the deerhound never quite recovered from the effects of the illness that ensued. The sequel to this story must be sought for in a dingy London street, where the setting sun sometimes lingers on the beautiful memorial chapel erected to the memory of Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, and, streaming in rainbow splendor through the benign figure of St. Francis of Assisi, rests upon the sculptured figure of him whose soul God took from among the mountain solitudes, where—

"Beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not."

In conclusion it has been well said that "He who would teach the holy love of kindness must lay its foundations deep down in the philosophical kinship of the soul of man to the soul of the beast, and must take the hand of a 'little child, and lead him back over the hills of time to that spot where Man and beast began their life in happy unison.'" When God blessed the creatures, and saw that they were good, and later "spake to Noah, saying, 'Behold I establish my covenant with you, and with every living crea-

ture that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth. . . ' (and said) 'I do set my bow in the clouds, and I will look upon it that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature and all flesh.' " And thus, lighting up the clouds of sin and sorrow of this world of cruelty and wrong, the "rainbow promise of God's grace" has continued to bring its message of comfort and of hope to His servants in all ages (from the solitaries, dwelling "at peace with the beasts of the field," to the toilers in great cities, oppressed by the inarticulate groans\* of creation).

Shining in perpetual reminder that, here—

"On the earth the broken arcs;  
In the heaven, a perfect round,"

where is "A rainbow † round about the throne in sigh like unto an emerald."

"God's Perfect Band of Love"

"*The Brotherhood of Love*," collected and arranged  
by Florence H. Suckling.

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., is responsible for the following excellent paragraphs:

"The new wave of feeling which is sweeping over the country in favor of animals is good for the morale of the country, and also tends to decrease crime.

"There is nothing that prompts crime more than anything in the nature of cruelty, either to mankind or to dumb creation, for which mankind is God's trustee."

The *National Geographic Magazine* has the following story, which illustrates the cruelty and misery of the bullfight:

#### BULLS READY FOR THE RING WHEN FIVE YEARS OLD

"My next visit was to one of the *criaderos* where bulls for the bull ring are raised. Jerez bulls are famous. It struck me as remarkable that the long-horned mothers of these valiant sons should be such scrawny, inoffensive-looking cows.

\* Rom. viii: 22.

† Rev. iv: 3.

"Not all the youngsters, however, have the fighting instinct. Men on horseback, carrying long spikes, ride into the field to test the courage of the young bulls. If not found wanting, the animals are eligible for the combat at the age of five.

"Even some of the brave ones escape the common fate,' a South American cattleman told me. 'I'm here to attend the spring stock fairs, and some of these splendid fellows are sure of a long life on the Argentine pampas.'

"Raising bulls for the bull ring has long been a popular occupation of Spanish country gentlemen. The late Duke of Veragua, a descendant of Columbus, was thus engaged.

#### THE BULL THAT WAS SAVED

"I heard the story of one Andalusian bull which, although bred for combat and playing a star rôle in a bullfight, escaped death. This bull, a powerful black animal, was shipped overseas to Mexico. With him went the old stockman who had cared for him ever since he was a calf, the one being with whom he was not savage. Between man and beast there existed a real friendship.

"The day of the bullfight dawned. A noted espada was to distinguish himself. The bull was wild for freedom. The man from the fields of Jerez, heavy of heart, sat among the spectators.

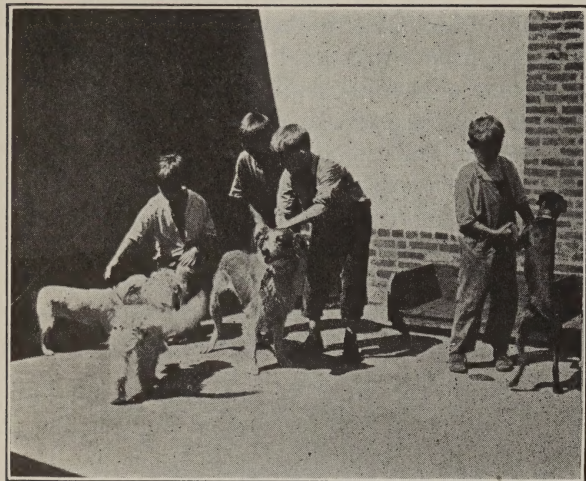
"There was the usual gory scene. The tortured bull, desperate from cruel firedarts and deep spear-thrusts, succeeded in tossing two men and killing four horses. To him the wretched horses seemed the chief tormentors. After each assault of banderilleros and picadores, he bravely struggled on. The great espada's most skillful attacks failed to down him.

"In the end the creature's valor won the heart of the fickle mob. Shouts went up that his life be spared.

"Down to the edge of the bull ring came the old stockman. His cheeks were wet with tears. In the bloody arena of an alien land, he gave the call the bull had so often heard in the flower-strewn Jerez fields. With a mighty effort the poor animal lifted his head and staggered toward

that well-known voice, somewhere out in the mist.

"A man who witnessed the scene said that a great sob came from the audience, as the old man laid his hand on the bull's neck and led him from the ring."



CHILDREN VISITING THE LEAGUE

### Consistency?

There are those who protest against the killing of wild life by cats who see no evil in leading tame lambs and calves to the slaughter, who enjoy eating lobsters that have been boiled alive, who wear on their hats aigrettes torn from the breasts of live nesting birds, who send cows on long sickening ocean journeys crowded so closely together that they can scarcely lie down, or pack chickens in crates so tightly that they cannot move. People who go fox-hunting three times a week in the season object to a cat torturing a mouse. Even owners of factories employing child labor and dramatic critics have told me that cats are cruel. Now a cat, like a man, is a carnivorous animal; he is even more so than a man, for a healthy cat must have animal food while a healthy man (*vide* Bernard Shaw) may subsist entirely on fruits and nuts. He is therefore following a natural instinct in killing birds and mice and he is keeping himself in training when he subjects his captures to a certain amount of torture.—*Copied from Carl Van Vechten's book—"The Tiger In The House."*

## CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

### About Dogs

NEWARK, N. J.

March 11th, 1925.

To the Editor of "Our Fourfooted Friends": We have just sent the enclosed papers to each of our representatives who, of course, have frequent inquiries in regard to so-called running fits.

Possibly you may care to make some use of them. Yours faithfully,—*Spratt's Patent, Ltds.*

### Letter from the U. S. Department of Agriculture

This disease appears to be rather widespread throughout the southern states, but so far has made comparatively little headway in other sections. It appears to affect all breeds of dogs regardless of their age, sex or environment. Severe exercise seems to aggravate the trouble.

Quite a little study has been given to this disease by practicing veterinarians and others looking to the discovery of the cause, cure and prevention of the trouble. This office does not know the cause of the condition, neither is it aware of any effective treatment.

At the present time this office sees no reason for destroying dogs affected with this disease. The animals should be kept in a tight enclosure, fed on nourishing foods, and the bowels kept open with oil. It is possible that with good care the attacks may become less numerous, and partial or complete recovery occur. Changing the animal from one location to another might be tried if such a procedure is practical. Nervous animals would quite probably be benefited by five-grain doses of triple bromides.

In other words, until some specific treatment is found, affected animals should be treated according to the symptoms shown.

### Running-Barking Fits

Extract from a letter from a well-known English veterinarian:

There has been sent for my perusal and comments an excellent article under the above head-

ing from the *American Field*, by Mr. S. W. Greene.

The popular term for the complaint aptly describes the symptoms.

As to its causation, I cordially agree with Mr. Greene's opinion that the phenomena are due to the ravages of a particular intestinal parasite—the "hookworm" (variously known technically as the *Dochmius trigonocephalus*, *Uncinaria* or *Ankylostome*).

The disease is in no sense a new one, but has been known to us for generations. Wet seasons favor the prevalence of all diseases due to animal parasites, and conceivably that is the explanation of the malady attracting particular attention just now.

In the past the disease has occurred especially among hounds hunting in packs and among the sporting breeds (gun dogs). The explanation, I submit, is that in the hunt they have access to stagnant water on the land infested with parasitic ova, whereas the exhibition dog, for instance, lives at home under strict kennel régime and is supplied with pure water. The domestic pet, if he contracts the complaint mostly does so when away from home, and perhaps drinking wayside water or eating a mouthful of wet grass containing the germ.

Again, droppings of affected dogs are full of larval forms of the parasite, and dogs prone to scavenging acquire them first hand. I would emphasize that stools of infected dogs are a great menace.

The "running-barking fit" is a convulsion, a *reflex* one—that is to say, it does not *originate* in the brain. The bite or poisonous excretion of the worm irritates a distal *sensory* nerve in, say, the bowel. The impression is telegraphed along such afferent or sensory nerves to the brain, and *reflected* along the efferent or *motor* nerves so as to produce contraction and activity of muscles without sensation or volition.

I am surprised to see that in some brief descriptions of the disease that have come to Mr. Greene's notice the convulsions have been attributed to nervous distemper.

Distemper, epilepsy, convulsions are all too common, unfortunately, but I have never seen a

distemper patient running amuck as they do with the disease in question. In bowel distemper, too, we get sometimes auto-intoxication fits, but they, too, take the usual form of champing the teeth and churning the saliva into froth, and there may be prostration. Like Mr. Greene, I have observed in the less virulent cases that the convulsions (then of infrequent occurrence) manifest themselves after some predisposing excitement. The dog may have been chasing a rabbit, or ball, or, just liberated from the chain, dashes off for a run.

Post-mortem examinations of dogs that have died reveal a profound anaemia, and an ill-nourished state of the body; the organs have that flabby, watery appearance that spells parasitism to the trained eye—such as is seen in sheep with liver-fluke disease, and rabbits with "spotted liver" (Coccidiosis).

One more point: Some of these parasites are not content to attach themselves to the bowel, but they penetrate the mucous coat or lining, and encyst themselves in the submucosa: one might say they dig themselves in. And precisely what vermifuge do you suppose is going to shift them before they are through and ready to go? *None*. . . . Vermifuges have their vogue. Thymol was once popular; who uses it now? Tapeworm remedies, *e.g.*, male fern, are ineffective against the strongyle. That specific for ascaridae in dogs, wormseed oil (oil of chenopodium), given in capsules followed by castor oil, or in castor oil, will drive a good proportion of matured parasites from their attachment to the bowel linings; the deep encysted ones in the submucosa and the larval forms in the blood vessels are over the fence.

*Prevention:* Until summer suns and hard, dry ground, such dogs as have access to land water in pursuit of their work should be periodically dosed with oil of chenopodium or carbon tetrachloride, if you will. As an article of diet on the Continent they still have considerable faith in garlic given in the food and rendering the bowels unattractive as a residence for worms. I should certainly give garlic in the food twice a week.

As regards exercise, paddocks or yards known

to be infected by excreta, in big kennel establishments, in cases of parasitic diseases of farm stock of similar origin, the dressing of land with 8 to 10 cwt. of crushed rock salt per acre is remarkably effective in killing parasite life. Preferably, first dig up or plough the ground.

Some of our readers who keep a large number of dogs, or whose dogs are roaming about in fields and coming in contact with other dogs, may find the above article useful. No doubt dogs afflicted with the "running-barking" sickness are often treated as "mad dogs," and feared accordingly.—A. H. S.



BARRY, AN ALPINE ST. BERNARD, SENT OVER FROM ITALY WHEN A YOUNG DOG, WAS KEPT CHAINED TO AN OUTHOUSE UNTIL PURCHASED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE, WHOM HE GUARDS CAREFULLY

And I am recompensed, and deem the toils  
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine  
May stand between an animal and woe,  
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

—Cowper.

## LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of March the League received 4,767 cats, 855 dogs, 34 horses, and 13 smaller animals. We placed 84 dogs and 87 cats in good homes.

We returned a dog to his owner recently under rather interesting circumstances. Two small boys brought him into the League. The younger child was the speaker, and he said, "This dog follows us all the time, and we can't shake him! He follows us to school and waits until school is over, then he goes home with us." These boys could not keep the dog therefore they brought it to us. Upon looking at his collar our agent found the owner's name and address, so she telephoned, and the owner of course was very glad to get back his dog. The dog very reluctantly left the boys. It was evident he loved children and was probably lonesome in his own home.

When one of our agents went after a stray dog that had been reported to us it was very gratifying to us to learn that the children who had helped rescue the dog from the streets, and were interested in it, had learned to be humane through hearing their school teacher read OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS to them in the school.

### Complaints

Here are two recent complaints received through the telephone:

A woman telephoned asking the League to send a man at once to get a cat out of a tree. The cat was at the top of a tall tree, where the limbs were so small that it was unsafe for a man to venture to climb, also it was beyond the reach of our thirty-two-foot emergency ladder. Yet the woman was very indignant when told that we would not ask any of our men to risk his limbs or his life in climbing out on such slender branches after the cat, which we believed would descend to lower limbs if coaxed by her owner.

The woman telephoned a second time to say

that a light-weight boy had gone up the tree and rescued the cat. She owned, when questioned, that she had done nothing herself to tempt the cat down from the tree.

A man from Medford sent a peremptory request for the League to go to his house for a sick dog that he owned. When told that Medford was outside our limits, he was very indignant and complained bitterly that *we* should allow an animal to suffer without hastening to its relief!

The Medford man was told that the League was organized for the rescuing of *homeless* animals, and that owners of dogs or cats were supposed to take care of their own animals. Miss Wilson, our manager, reminded him that there were veterinary doctors usually to be found in every large town, and that the *owner* of the dog, *not* the *Animal Rescue League*, was to be blamed for allowing the dog to suffer without sending at once for the nearest doctor.

It is difficult to understand how anyone who has any feeling or affection for an animal he owns should send it away when sick and suffering instead of getting a doctor to attend to it in its own home.

We cannot tell a dog or cat *why* we are sending it away when it is sick, and the poor animal has the mental suffering of homesickness added to its bodily pains when it is sent from home to be taken care of. Owners of dogs or cats who feel for them *any degree* of affection, will have them cared for when they are sick in their own homes if possible, and, if necessary, have them put to death where they have lived.

Of course there are cases when it is not possible to care for a sick animal in the home, and so there are, fortunately, good hospitals where they can be sent, but everyone who knows animals admits that a sick dog or cat is much more likely to recover in its own home, if it can be kept warm and quiet and have some attention given it under the advice of a doctor, than if it is sent away to a strange place.

In character building, which is our chief business in this world, very much depends upon our treatment of the animals committed to our care.—*Ruskin*.



LEAGUE AGENT TAKING AN INJURED DOG

## BRANCH WORK

*Miss Margaret Starbuck*

During the month the following animals have been received:

|                                                             |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Industrial School, North Bennett Street . .                 | 152   |
| Neighborhood House, 79 Moore Street, Cambridge . . . . .    | 78    |
| Roxbury Station, 17 Lambert Avenue . . .                    | 144   |
| Work Horse Relief Station, 109 Northampton Street . . . . . | 135   |
| East Boston, 341 Meridian Street . . . . .                  | 88    |
| Sheldon Branch, West Lynn, Neptune Street . . . . .         | 792   |
| Pine Ridge, Dedham . . . . .                                | 20    |
| Medfield . . . . .                                          | 25    |
| Chelsea, 36-4th Street . . . . .                            | 149   |
|                                                             | 1,583 |

Letter sent to Chelsea Receiving Station:

Occasionally I find a "stray" on the street, and the only way I can get it to you is to pay some youngster, who happens to be in the locality, to carry it. Of course I do not know the boy or girl, and so paying before the delivery of the goods is a little risky. I am enclosing with this a dollar for you to bank for me, and if I send a kitten with a note, will you please draw on the funds for a quarter or ten cents to reimburse the carrier? I am glad the Shelter is proving such a success.—*P. A. M.*



TAKEN FROM A PEDLAR. INCURABLY LAME

## LETTERS

BIRMINGHAM, MICH., Feb. 27, 1925.

I think your paper is splendid. I love to help animals. We have a dog and a cat. Our dog is eight years old, but you would hardly know it. He runs and plays like a puppy. Our cat was born in October, and we got him in November. He is a male, and bites everything he can get hold of: I like them both.—*B. S.*

*Dear dogs of the League:* I am very well. I live in the country on a lake and have a good time catching rabbits. In the summer time I go in swimming. My name is "Red Knight." My grandfather was "Red Raven." I am eight years old, but I don't feel that way. I am sending some money for you.—"*Red Knight*," by *B. S.*

*Dear Kitties of the League:* I am a yellow tiger kitten. My name is "Ginger." I love my mistress very much. She loves to tease me when I run after her, for she jumps up on the sofa and laughs. Every time I am in the way they take a bell and ring it. I am very well, and am sending some money for some other little kittens.—"*Ginger*," by *B. S.*

WEST MEDFORD, MASS., Oct. 8, 1924.

In regard to "Mickie," No. 3733, I am happy to say that he has never been ill, and is the de-

voted friend of the family and all our friends. He is intelligent and obedient, and really one of us. Several people have wanted to buy him, but Dr. Sargent said he would as soon think of selling one of his grandchildren.—*R. C. S.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 16, 1925.

A postal came from you today, inquiring about our little dog No. 5501. "Spot" is one of the nicest dogs we ever had, splendid disposition and without a fault. He and Hervey, Jr., are great pals. He is one of the family and dearly loved. We will send you a picture of him when we get a good one. He is in perfect condition, and we are more than glad that we have him.—*H. L. S.*

MALDEN, MASS., Oct. 16, 1924.

In answer to your card received in regard to dog No. 4383, I will say we are very much pleased with him. He has grown to be a beautiful dog. I had only one fault to find when he came to us, and that was he was imbedded with thousands of "ticks." By weekly baths of Dr. Sergeant's Skip Flea soap and daily fine combings we have him in excellent condition. He hasn't had one sick moment since we have had him. Here is a snapshot of him taken just a few weeks ago.—*F. L. B.*

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., Feb. 11, 1925.

In answer to your inquiry in regard to dog No. 5504, which I took from the League on September 6, 1924, I am glad to say that "Rex" is now a very important member of our family and is loved by all. It is—or, rather, he is—my son's dog, but in the absence of my son I feel that we should let you know how glad we have been to have this splendid dog make his home with us. He is very little trouble and he more than repays that by his devotion to, and love for us.—*O. W. C.*

LEXINGTON, MASS., Oct. 14, 1924.

The little dog we received from you July 10 is proving a great comfort to us all. He is a fine playfellow for the children, and a dear pet for the grown-ups. We all love "Dandy" dearly. He is a great treasure. The children sleep on the piazza, and "Dandy" snugs in with them every night. He has much joy out of

doors here, with fields and woods to roam through. He is a small dog, but his *bark* is a loud one. He could not have pleased us any more if he had been made to order, at our request.—*E. R. F.*

WINTHROP, MASS., March 5, 1925.

One week prior to February 10, 1925, I lost my police dog (poisoned), and having heard of your organization I casually dropped in at Carver Street. You had just three dogs. No. 903 is a cross, no doubt, between setter and collie, but he was so affectionate I just couldn't resist taking him away with me, though I had the intention of getting another thoroughbred. I have no regrets, for this is a wonderful dog, affectionate, obedient, and a real companion; however, realizing how I felt on losing my pet I cannot but appreciate how someone may feel in having lost the one you numbered 903—for that I am sorry.—*J. F. R.*

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 7, 1925.

Your card of inquiry regarding dog No. 8157 was received yesterday, and I am delighted with the follow-up and interest. It had been on my mind for some time to write you in appreciation, and also let you know conditions. We all are more than pleased that we were the ones to furnish a home for this dog. He seems to be absolutely contented, and his general health is good. His habits and characteristics lead us to believe that he at one time had a very good home, as he is very well behaved and shows unusual intelligence.—*N. P. B.*

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 18, 1925.

Wish to say that the kitten we took from your institution has proved very satisfactory. He is very fond of his new home and everyone likes him very much. He is about twice as large as when we took him in December, which might be accounted to the fact that he is fed very regularly and also gets a hot dinner on Sunday. We have tried to teach him a few tricks, one of which is to bring back a ring of wire, which he enjoys very much. We are enclosing a dollar contribution for your work.—*S. A. R.*



BROOKLINE, MASS., Feb. 25, 1925.

I am going to tell you about some of the animals I had for the first part of this summer. I had my friend's horse, while my friend was at camp. He was a very pretty horse and very small, but terribly slow. In August I got a horse for my very own. I never was so happy before. I named him "Arrow." I am sending you a picture of him. I am very sorry I haven't a better one. He's not particularly pretty, but he has a beautiful neck and head. He looks rather mad in the picture, but I guess it's because he wants to eat. I rode him to school all the fall until I came back here to Brookline. One day when I got about a mile and a half from home, on my way to school, he fell down. He was badly cut, so I rode him right home and doctored him for about a week. I had two very nice black leghorn roosters that I became very fond of and two cats, "Pussy Willow" and "Dumb-bell." "Pussy Willow" was an all gray, half Angora cat, and "Dumb-bell" was a little black and white kitten, and his name just suited him. I miss my various animals greatly in the winter, but I know they are all in good homes. I also miss my eleven-mile ride to school.—*C. G. C.*

NEWTON LOWER FALLS, MASS., Feb. 28, 1925.

I am a little girl, six years old, and I want to help the animals. I want to send my week's allowance to help them. We had a pony that was a very nice horse, and some boys were very cruel to him. Now we have made him as fat as

a butter-ball. I saw a horse fall down on the road yesterday, and I felt so sorry for him. I have a dog and I have two cats, and I have eight hens and one rooster. I have a pony. My sisters have two ponies and my daddy has a horse. I love all of them just the same.—V. H.

WELLESLEY, MASS., Feb. 18, 1925.

Replying to your postal of February 14, 1925, dog No. 5123 you kindly let me have August 15, 1924, is very satisfactory and in perfect health. He has grown both in stature and weight considerably since he has been under my care. While chained, he runs on a pulley fifty feet long and has a large waterproof and mudproof kennel facing south, which has a plentiful supply of good clean straw each week. He is a good pal and a splendid house and yard dog. The sheep dog, which I also own, and he are inseparable pals, and their appearances show they are very well cared for and have as good a home as any beast could wish for.—O. W. S.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS., Oct. 3, 1924.

Replying to your card inquiring about dog No. 3506, taken by me on June sixth, I desire to report that the animal is satisfactory in almost every way. He is an ideal companion, and always gentle with children; never barks at or chases automobiles, pays no attention to cats, and attempts to be friendly with other dogs. He is too amiable for a good watchdog, but I hope to train him to that quality. While away on the Maine coast this summer he suffered repeated and severe attacks of the mange, and was in the care of a veterinary for a considerable time. There has been no trace of the disease since September first. Immediately after reaching home he strayed and was lost for ten days, his inveterate friendliness for strangers being undoubtedly the cause. After persistent advertising and search I found him, and he is now re-established here at home and perfectly happy. He is licensed No. 1177, and named "Rikki." I am grateful to you for supplying me with a dog that I value more and more as time passes.—K. P. K.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

WELLESLEY, MASS., March 9, 1925.

I received this morning from one of the state supervisors of schools in Connecticut some pictures of a tame deer that the children make a pet of in the Bailey School at Sterling, Conn.; also from the same source, a composition about the deer written by one of the pupils. I enclose a copy of the composition, as well as a picture of the deer. I am giving two prizes this spring in the nine schools in Canterbury, Conn., for the two best essays on "Kindness to Animals," and am sending humane literature to these schools.—K. M. R.

"KINDNESS TO ANIMALS"

I am writing this story to try and persuade people to treat dumb creatures kindly. If they could talk or defend themselves, it would be different, but they can't. Last summer the people who live next door to our school rescued a young deer from two dogs, and have made a pet of him. His name is "Ikky." He is as tame as a dog or cat, and will follow a person or an automobile for a long distance. He comes to school quite often, and so we have made him the mascot of our school. Whenever we speak of him, he is sure to come. He knows several tricks. He asks for milk by running around you, and he will jump through your arms. He eats practically everything—vegetables, milk, fruits, berries, raw potatoes, strawberry leaves, and even tries to eat our school books. He tries to eat the berries we have for decoration if we do

not give him some apples or something he likes. He gets into the waste basket and scatters the papers all over the floor, looking for something to eat. He is so affectionate and friendly, he makes us feel as though we own him. Animals are always grateful for what we do for them, and they never forget how we treat them.—*Catherine.*

HATHORNE, MASS., Feb. 16, 1925.

I have received your card of the 13th in regard to the dog No. 6203, that I took from your kennels September 29, 1924, and I must say that the dog has turned out to be everything in the line of a good dog, that I was looking for, when I went there that day. He certainly is one dandy, and he is big and fat and in the best of health, at the present time. He certainly struck a home where he gets plenty to eat and drink and a fine place to run, as my home is in the country. We just adore him. I never in all my travels met a dog with the wonderful disposition that he has with children. He has also turned out to be a good watchdog and one that could be trusted anywhere, for he is clean in every way, and a dog of very good habits. When I first took him he was rather lonesome, but after that everything turned out fine with him. You would be surprised if you were here to see how he watches and cares for my two little children; every place they go he is right with them, and when they stop, he stops too, and stays right around them until they start again. I don't see how the people that turned him into the League ever parted with him. Jack is with us until he dies. It makes me feel good to think that the League is so interested in their animals after they leave their kennels, and you can bet that here is one of your dogs that is being well taken care of, with no abuse of any kind.—*J. E. McP.*

These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indication of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. . . . The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, just affects them similarly to ourselves. . . . They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do.—*T. Chalmers, on "Cruelty to Animals."*

#### Special Notice.

Questions are often asked regarding the desirability of our electric method of putting animals to death. The following are a few of the many letters we have received:

Dec. 21, 1911.

From William T. Sedgwick, Professor of Biology and Public Health, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Langdon Frothingham, M.D.V., Instructor in Bacteriology, Harvard Medical School:

"We have witnessed repeatedly the operation of these automatic chambers, both with dogs and with cats, and were surprised and delighted with the instantaneous and apparently painless effect of the electric current. We are glad to certify that in our opinion Mr. Huntington Smith has by his apparatus made to the cause of the humane destruction of animal life a most important and useful contribution."

April 13, 1923.

From New York Women's League for Animals, New York City:

"The automatic electric cage is in use at our hospital. We find it very satisfactory in every way."

May 19, 1921.

From the Cleveland Animal Protective League, Cleveland, Ohio:

"As to the automatic cages, I think we should have to close our place if we had to give up these cages, and they are working every day of the year. When I tell you we destroyed 78 tons last year of dogs and cats with our one-dog and one-cat cage, then you will know they are working. I feel like calling from the house-tops the wonderful work we have been able to do through them."

May 20, 1921.

From the Montgomery County Humane Society, Dayton, Ohio:

"For the past two years we have been using your automatic electric cage for the humane destruction of dogs. It is indeed the most satisfactory method we know of."

May 21, 1921.

From Animal Rescue League, Fall River, Mass:

"In reply to your inquiry regarding the electric cages, which we have used for six years at the Fall River League Shelter, we are glad to say that for economy in operation, for convenience to the operator, and, what is of first importance, for causing instant and painless death to the animal, we know of no method to compare with the electric cages, and we are glad of this opportunity to give them our most hearty endorsement."

June 1, 1921.

From the Canadian S. P. C. A., Montreal, Canada:

"This cage has now been in operation for nearly ten years and has given perfect satisfaction in every way. At present we destroy about 400 dogs and 200 cats a month, so it is going practically every day."

May 23, 1921.

From Columbus Humane Society, Columbus, Ohio:

"We are using the automatic electric cage for the humane destruction of dogs, and have used it for the past eight years and found it most satisfactory."

May 19, 1921.

From the Salem Animal Rescue League, Salem, Mass:

"The automatic electric cages have been used by the Salem Animal Rescue League for approximately eight years and have been most satisfactory. Also, it often happens that the owners of animals wish to see the process, and in every case they have been not only satisfied but consider it the most wonderful means of putting an animal away."

May 23, 1921.

From the Cleveland Humane Society, Cleveland, Ohio:

"We have been using the automatic electric cages since we received them and have found them satisfactory in every respect. If there were any who were doubtful as to the efficacy of the machines before we purchased them, they

are now satisfied that the automatic electric cages are the most convenient as well as the most humane means of destroying small animals. The small cost of operating the cages, too, is, in my judgment, a matter of important consideration."

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ALL BREEDS, dogs and puppies, bought, sold and exchanged; remedies and foods.

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**Old Grist Mill Dog Bread**  
IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

Condition always good when  
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Potter & Wrightington, Boston

**Cemetery for Small Animals**

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

**CREMATION**

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Beach 9250.

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 STREET

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**The Animal Rescue League**

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

# The Animal Rescue League

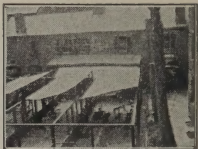
Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,  
Receiving Station and Crematory  
for Small Animals  
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

|                                         |                                    |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| ROXBURY . . . . .                       | 17 LAMBERT AVENUE                  |
| NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL . . . . .  | 39 NORTH BENNET STREET             |
| SOUTH END . . . . .                     | 109 NORTHAMPTON STREET             |
| CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE . . . . . | 79 MOORE STREET                    |
| DEDHAM . . . . .                        | PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES |
| MEDFIELD . . . . .                      | BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS   |
| EAST BOSTON . . . . .                   | 341a MERIDIAN STREET               |
| WEST LYNN . . . . .                     | 4 NEPTUNE STREET                   |
| CHELSEA . . . . .                       | 36 FOURTH STREET                   |



|                                                   |        |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Animals received in 1923 . . . . .                | 58,180 |
| Animals brought in by visitors . . . . .          | 8,784  |
| Copies of humane literature distributed . . . . . | 67,541 |



FIVE MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND EIGHT AGENTS  
are at work every week day collecting animals.

|                                        |        |
|----------------------------------------|--------|
| Number of calls made in 1923 . . . . . | 30,706 |
| Number of animals collected . . . . .  | 48,664 |

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 23 years in charge of the League  
Veterinarians

Dr. Frank J. Sullivan Dr. F. Holden Smith

|                                                                 |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Number of cases of small animals treated in 1923 . . . . .      | 10,653 |
| Number of peddlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1923 . . . . . | 576    |
| Number of horses humanely killed, 1923 . . . . .                | 732    |
| Number of horses given vacations . . . . .                      | 32     |



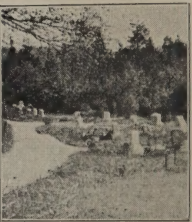
PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES  
238 Pine Street, Dedham



A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS  
238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.

The Animal Rescue League . . . . . 51 Carver Street, Boston

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, *President* MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, *Secretary*  
MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, *Treasurer*